

THE MACON BEACON

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Letter From Mr. Haddon

When I was in Washington and New York City I could have made note of many things that would have been interesting topics for conversation with my little girl friends in Macon. When one visits a new city for the first time its beauties and differences to other cities impress the visitor with much more interest than they do the frequent visitor. No one in New York City knew me so I was not one bit embarrassed to get out in the middle of a street and count the height in stories of the Flat Iron, the Woolworth, the Equitable Life Insurance and other tall buildings. I merely wanted to verify the pictures I have seen in magazines. My counts tallied exactly with the pictures so I am satisfied. If you are not, when you visit that city, have the courage to do what I did and you will believe as I do. I walked 37 blocks up Broadway just to see if I could walk across the city, but along towards night I asked a policeman, whose smile made me class him as a kind hearted Irishman, how much further to the end of the street. He looked at me and smiled and said, "Just 32 miles further." I thought perhaps he was telling the truth, so I gave up my proposed walk. My passage to Rio de Janeiro was pleasant—after the first two days out. These two days I spent in my cabin—you see cabin life was a novelty to me and I just could not resist the desire to live quietly in it for awhile. I was so interested in the newness of everything that I did not care for one bit of food for the whole of those two days. My cabin mate, who is chief accountant for the National City Bank of New York, begged me to go up on deck and by all means I should eat oranges and drink some brandy, but I knew I was not hungry and I also knew the deck was no place for me. But cabin life is very hard on one. I think I lost ten pounds in two days. Perhaps its the seclusion and the violent exercise the ship subjects one to that is responsible. After passing Cape Hatteras the sea was not rough any more, and the further south we came the smoother the waters became. The temperature did not rise above 85 deg. any day and there was always a good breeze. The nights were very pleasant and always clear. But the Atlantic ocean is a thousand times larger than I thought it. We were going every hour, day and night, for over eighteen days. We made but one halt and that was when the ship anchored out in the bay of Bahia for one hour. It is said to be the longest trip without a stop in the world. From New York City to Rio de Janeiro is 5405 miles. The furnaces used nearly 2500 tons of coal during the 18 days. We averaged about 13 miles per hour during the trip. Our captain, Captain Codogan, was extremely cautious at night. No deck lights were on until the entire deck was closely curtained. All the port windows were shaded before any cabin lights were turned on. The ship carried no flag—yes, one, but not larger than 9x11, until we were going into the harbor at Rio. Capt. Codogan was captain of the Van Dyke that the Germans captured from the English nearly two years ago. We received wireless news daily until we were across the equator line. No message could be sent out from the ship's station. The stewards of the ship were young Englishmen and they were all glad when we received the news that parliament had passed the conscription measure. The wireless operators were English. They have great faith in their navy. Too much, it seems, for they are slow to realize that they must now be as strong on land as on the sea.

I shall not try to describe Rio, but I will say that if there is any poetry, any love for the beautiful in your soul, it cannot be dormant when you enter the bay at Rio just at sunrise. We had quite a number of passengers aboard who have seen all of Europe, Asia and parts of Australia and Africa, and they were unanimous in saying that Rio and its surroundings make it the most picturesque city in the world. It has a water front of 15 miles and all of it laid out with granite marble. The hotels are not so good as ours but the food is better and the cost about the same. The speed law of the city for autos is very carefully observed—the speed limit is the capacity of the engine and every driver tries to make his car the fastest. The cars are all European makes. I did not see but one Ford. The driver, who, was doing his best to pass a big Swiss car and the last I saw of the race the Ford seemed to be holding its place. There are several things very noticeable because of their absence.

No one chews gum. I spent three days before I found any and it was in an English store—that claims to sell anything that any other store in the world does, but it evidently had never sold much gum for this was so old it would "not chew" but crumbled to pieces, so I ate it for candy. There is no Coca-Cola—none at all; no chewing tobacco—the most glaring absence of all is there is no breakfast in the morning. Coffee is drunk all the time. I've never seen such coffee drinkers in my life. They wake you up at morning with "Cafe, Senor," and then it goes on all day and till late at night. I don't drink so I don't get anything for my breakfast but an orange and a polite request for a tip for the waiter's good services, but I still have them bluffed with "Eu nao falo Portuguese."—"I do not speak Portuguese." He smilingly backs away with "Nao, Senor? Obrogado."—"No, Mr.? Thank you." The men here have a funny way to greet each other—they embrace and pat each other's shoulders. I went to Rio about two weeks ago to attend a national cotton conference, and four men here went to the station with me to see me off, and when they said good bye I was really embraced four times. I looked about me to see if anybody was watching. I can't say that I care very much about such embraces.

Bello Horizonte is beautifully located up in the mountains of a high plateau country. It is nearly 3000 feet above sea level, and there is a range of hills just north of the city nearly 3000 feet higher. The entire country is almost barren of timber, so the views from high points are splendid. The city claims 50,000 inhabitants. It has about all the conveniences of an American city of the same size. It is a new city—only about 20 years old. It is laid out after the style of Washington, D. C. Some of the streets are 300 feet wide and shaded with palms and other beautiful trees. All of the homes are built of either brick or stone and covered with clay tiles.

There is a large two story Methodist missionary school in the city, and near by, a very good church. This is under the supervision of the M. E. South Conference. The teachers are nearly all young ladies from the South. I went around to Sunday school one Sunday but there were so many negroes who wanted to occupy the same seat with me that I soon slipped out. My religion isn't quite strong enough yet to feel just right sitting between two large but well dressed negroes. I like to see them in the Protestant churches but I had rather see them from a greater distance than 16 inches.

The Southern Baptists and the Southern Presbyterians also have churches here. Most of the people are Catholics, but the cultured classes are not religious at all. It is said only 20 per cent of the people of Brazil can read, but you don't notice the effect of ignorance and illiteracy until you go out into the smaller towns and the rural districts.

If a young man asks a young lady to go to the "Cinema" picture show with him he must ask the entire family and they are all sure to go. I have not asked one yet because the families are large and it costs 25c. to see the show.

Brazil is strongly pro-Ally in regard to the European war. Most German houses have been blacklisted here. But most everything in stock in the stores came from Europe. Very seldom is the U. S. A. trade mark seen. The greatest mistake we make is sending commercial salesmen who have no knowledge at all of the language. When France, England and Germany send salesmen they are able to go right after the trade because they can speak the language. After the war, no matter how it goes, we are going to have to fight for our share of business in this country.

I am very vaguely informed that we are in war with Mexico. So far as I have heard expressions, Brazil is strongly on the side with us and regards the Mexican as no more than an anarchist. This letter is for the school children and I wish I could receive post cards from all of them.

J. W. HADDON.
Bello Horizonte, Brazil, June 27, 1916.

Annual Meeting of the County School Board

Notice is hereby given that the county school board will hold its annual meeting at the County Superintendent's office, Monday, July the 31st, convening at 10 o'clock a. m. All parties having matters to come before the board are asked to file same not later than Saturday, the twenty-ninth.

JAMES G. CHADLER,
County Supt. of Education.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN

The sawmill plant of W. A. Eberly Wheel Works located at depot. Call phone No. 88 or see D. M. Lutz, Supt.

FROM THE PEOPLE

The Coming Congressional Election

Editor of the Beacon—
Now that the election for congressman is fast approaching, a few words in behalf of our esteemed and efficient congressman, E. S. Candler may not be out of place. His close attention to every request made of him, from the highest to the lowest, is known of all men. No letter so badly written but it receives the same careful attention as one written in the most perfect hand, or on the most up-to-date typewriter. In fact, Mr. Candler says that many people who are little accustomed to writing do not keep writing materials convenient, and are little accustomed to writing, do not keep writing materials convenient, and are without modern facilities, and consequently to these, it is a great deal of trouble to write. To all who desire his services he extends a cordial invitation to write with whatever material they may have at hand—pencil, pen or what not—their communication will have every attention.

It is well known that he is a member of the agricultural committee, a most important committee, and has always worked for larger agricultural appropriations, so that the agricultural interests of the nation might be fostered; hence we see the great agricultural awakening throughout the land. Surely a fit congressman for the first district of Mississippi.

When the democrats came into power, he did not seek, but was selected as the fittest member of congress to act as the secretary of the committee of agriculture.

No man in congress enjoys to a greater extent the respect and confidence of his associates than does Zeke Candler, and it is certainly a matter of pride to his constituents that they never have to feel any uneasiness as to his position—they know that he will always show up on the right side. After sixteen years of service no word or vote of his has ever been successfully questioned.

Boiled down, the only argument of his opponents is that they would like to have the job. They both are enjoying lucrative law practices, while Mr. Candler has no other occupation than his office of congressman, than whom there is no more efficient, conscientious and useful member in congress.

It will be long before the people of Noxubee county forget or fail to appreciate the service he rendered us a year or two ago, when we were threatened with an outbreak of cholera among our cattle. The facts were wired to him at Corinth, Miss., and he was asked if he could help us—he replied that he would try. The case grew more urgent, and a second wire was sent asking if he could get us expert help, and he replied that he had a man on the way from Washington, D. C. The expert came, proper and prompt measures were taken, and the threatened outbreak averted.

Mr. Candler's high standing with the administration is the reason he was able to give us such prompt assistance. It took him years to learn his duties well and to grow into the esteem and confidence of the officials at Washington.

It takes more time to make a good congressman than it does to make an efficient lawyer.

While the heads of the departments change with the change of administrations, the under men who really run the business of the different departments change slowly.

Coming from a line of illustrious men of talent, Zeke Candler has well upheld the traditions of his family, and has reflected credit upon himself and his constituents. He deserves reelection. He deserves our support.

Yours truly,
NOXUBEE.

From Big Bud

Macon, Miss., July 26, 1916.

Editor Beacon:
I understand that Mr. O. Q. Poindester has been tendered a position in the public schools of the city of Memphis by Prof. A. A. Kincannon, and will likely accept and move to that city.

Oren made a splendid record as principal of the Noxubee County Agricultural High School. He did a great work out there and we are very sorry indeed that such men as Oren Poindester could not be kept in our county. We wrote an article some years ago, and said that Noxubee's greatest misfortune was that we could not manage to keep the pick of our brainy, splendid young men, but that every year we lose a lot who find better positions elsewhere. Memphis ought to belong

JUDGE SYDNEY SMITH



TO THE PEOPLE OF THE FIRST SUPREME COURT DISTRICT

In announcing my candidacy for the office of Judge of the Supreme Court from the First District, it is right that I should set forth the grounds upon which I ask your consideration of any claims that I may have upon your support. The character of the office of Judge of the Supreme Court forbids the employment of the usual campaign methods, and I feel sure that should I undertake a campaign of that character I would justly deserve the rebuke that would be expressed in your adverse ballots. I feel that one seeking this high preferment should base his candidacy therefor upon other than personal or factional grounds in order to deserve the support of his fellow citizens; and thus believing, I can only ask your consideration of such record as I may have made as a witness, a lawyer and a judge.

It would not here become me to go into any detail respecting my official record; that, however, is open to your inquiry and examination. If you think, on looking into it, that it will justify your support of my candidacy, I will be grateful to you for that favor. It is upon this record alone that I base my solicitation of your support, and I must be content to stand or fall by that test. I have been continuously in the service of the State since I was first elected to the Legislature, sixteen years ago. Appointed in 1896 as Circuit Judge of the Fourth District by Governor Vardaman, I tried to deserve that honor. In 1899 I was appointed by Governor Noels to the Supreme bench, and in 1912 succeeded

Judge Mayes as Chief Justice of that Court. It is by my record there that you must determine my fitness for continuation in that responsible service.

I have always been a constant advocate of an elective judiciary, believing firmly in the right and ability of the people to administer their government in all of its departments—judicial as well as executive and legislative. Thus feeling and believing, I was the author of the constitutional amendments which provide for the election of Judges of the Supreme Court and the separation of that Court into two divisions for the purpose of enabling it to clear its docket, then more than two years in arrears, which work, I am now glad to say, is being satisfactorily expedited through the diligent labors of both divisions of the Court.

The term of office to which I am seeking election is the one beginning May 10, 1918; the candidates for the term beginning January 1, 1917, which you will also be called upon to fill at this election, are Judge Clayton D. Potter, Assistant Attorney-General George H. Ethridge and Hon. H. B. Greaves.

I can only say in conclusion that I trust you will carefully examine my record before determining your choice for Judge of the Supreme Court for the term I seek, and if that record justifies your preference, I will be glad to receive your support, pledging you only that I will do my duty as it is given me to see it and the strength to perform it.

Very respectfully,
SYDNEY SMITH.

Dan Patch Dead

Dan Patch, the most famous pacer in the world's history, whose record of a mile in 1:55 remains unbroken, died the other day at Minneapolis.

While the celebrated horse was dying his owner, M. W. Savage, a wealthy turfman, was in a hospital recovering from a surgical operation. The affection existing between Savage and his great horse was touching, amounting to nothing short of human love. When the owner learned that Dan Patch was no more he grew rapidly worse, and died on the following day.

In 1902 Mr. Savage purchased Dan Patch at a cost of \$60,000, the highest price ever paid for a harness horse up to that time. It proved to be a splendid investment, for Dan Patch never lost a race under his ownership, and paid for himself within a period of two years. His world record of 1:55 was made in 1906.

As many Mississippians will recall, Dan Patch was featured at the State Fair in this city in 1910, and thousands gathered each day to see the famous horse in action. Although he was then getting old, he could easily negotiate the mile in less than two minutes.

Mr. Savage always believed that Dan Patch was capable of actual thought. Whoever looked into the unfathomable eyes of the great pacer will recollect having had much the same impression. That Dan Patch thoroughly understood what was wanted of him, and that he felt some sense of responsibility, we may well believe. The scheme of the universe, however, does not grant to the dumb beast what he often seems to ask for, a means of intelligent communication.

Two Killed in Auto Accident.

Mr. Wheeler Watson, a prominent young planter of strong station, and well known in this county, having visited here on several occasions, and Miss Laura Fite, prominent in the social circles of Nashville, were killed Monday night at 9 o'clock when an auto in which they were riding, went off a bridge near Gibson, Miss. There was four feet of water in the ditch, and the bodies were found several hours after under the machine. It was thought that Mr. Watson was teaching Miss Fite to drive the car and she drove it over curbing the bridge.

Miss Fite's body was carried on the early morning train Tuesday to Nashville, and Mr. Watson's remains were interred the same afternoon at Strong's station.

to Mississippi anyway, for a great majority of her most progressive citizens are from Mississippi, and I am sure that if Oren Poindester concludes to cast his lot for good and all in this city, he will make a record that we will all be proud of.

If it had not been that the papers were lost in transit and some of the witnesses had left for parts unknown, Oren would have received a Carnegie medal for an act of heroism in descending in an 80 foot old well to rescue a negro who had been overcome by foul gas. He almost lost his life in this attempt and well deserved this medal.

He is a graduate of the University of Mississippi and has taken the short Farmers course at the A. & M. and is splendidly equipped for the work that Prof. Kincannon has for him.

Big Bud

FOR RENT

The 7-room house now occupied by Astor Smith; with lights, water and bath room; will newly paper and paint inside. Apply

MRS. SUSIE W. COOPER,
1133 Prytania, New Orleans, La.

FOR SALE

Bur Clover Seed, Screened once, 12 1/2c per pound. Plant now.

E. D. SCALES,
Brooksville, Miss.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN
The sawmill plant of W. A. Eberly Wheel Works located at depot. Call phone No. 88 or see D. M. Lutz, Supt.